Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt eleuen and twelue
Ile visit you.
All Our dutie to your honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarkt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant, doe not sleepe
But let me heare from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in bloud,
A violet in the youth of primie nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does nor grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

His